

VOL. XLI.  
No. 4.

THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE  
—and—  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND

APRIL, 1869.

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society,  
80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.



HARLEY 2C

# CONTENTS.

MAGAZINE.	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Sailors and their Hard-ships on Shore..	97	Correspondence, Reports, &c.	
First Voyage Around the Globe .....	104	Savannah, Ga.....	119
What the World is Coming to .....	106	Toledo, Ohio.....	119
Specialties in Science.....	107	Portland, Me.....	119
The Navy.....	108	Brooklyn.—Rev. Ola Helland's Report...	120
Hell Gate.....	109	New York Seamen's Association.....	121
A Good Hit.....	109	A Valued Testimonial.....	122
The Lone Pirate.—A True Story of the		Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.....	122
South Atlantic .....	109	Colored Sailors' Home, 2 Dover St.....	122
"They that Go Down to the Sea in Ships,"	110	The American Bethel Society.....	122
Russian Maritime Regulations.....	111	Position of the Planets for April.....	123
A College for Seamen.....	111	Total Disasters Reported in February.....	123
The Isles of the Sea—an Inviting Picture..	112	Receipts for February 1869.....	123
Living for a Purpose.....	112		
Light .....	113	<b>LIFE-BOAT.</b>	
Dependence on Christ.....	114	A Word to Boys.....	125
Perseverance in Prayer.....	114	The Young Quaker's Wish.....	125
It is More Blessed.....	115	Delay Not .....	126
The Sea Hath Spoken; yea, the Strength of		Library Reports.....	126
the Sea.....	115	A Little Boy with a Large Heart.....	127
"That's Me,"—a True Story .....	116	Simplicity.....	128
A few Loving Words to Sailors .....	117	Swallowing Fifteen Cows.....	128
		The Name of Jesus.....	128

## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. Postage in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year.*

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$15, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a registered letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.





Vol. 41.

APRIL, 1869.

No. 4.

### THE SAILORS AND THEIR HARDSHIPS ON SHORE.

RAPACITY AND OUTRAGES OF THE LAND-SHARKS.—TERRIBLE CONDITION OF SAILOR'S BOARDING-HOUSES—HOW SAILORS ARE DECOYED AND SWINDLED.

The following article, originally prepared for the *New York Times*, is worthy the attention of every philanthropist and resident in the commercial metropolis of the country. The friends of the sailor, upon reading it, will be stimulated to new efforts in his behalf, and all lovers of justice and good order will be aroused against those individuals and combinations that make it even more perilous for the sailor ashore, than at sea. It would have been well had the writer excepted from his general denunciation those few temperance houses, where, as at the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry street, and the Colored Sailor's Home, 2 Dover street, and the New Sailor's Home, of the Episcopal Mission Society, seamen are safe and every way comfortable.

The facts stated have been gathered with care and are strikingly presented.

ED. MAG.

The sailors' district of New York lies chiefly in the Fourth Ward, the majority of the houses being in Cherry, Oliver, Hamilton, Roosevelt, Oak and Water streets, though boarding-houses are to be found scattered along the docks of the East and North Rivers generally. Most of the buildings facing the docks of New York are small, old-style brick dwellings, many of them built a century ago, and being not only irregular in size, but varied in architectu-

ral design, they present a grotesque and by no means imposing appearance. Business men have appropriated the great majority of those below Fulton street, but frequent drinking saloons of the lowest order are always to be found open, and a few scattered private boarding-houses for seamen yawn to swallow up the poor victims who are landed daily at their doors. The majority of these latter establishments are, however, to be found north of Fulton

street. There are in this district of the city no less than 169 of these private boarding-houses for sailors, in which probably 15,000 seamen are annually robbed of at least \$3,000,000 by 1,000 women of the lowest class and 500 men of the most cruel natures.

The distinguishing traits of sailors' boarding-houses are said to differ in all countries. In English ports the appurtenances of his calling are used to attract Jack when ashore; the model of a ship in the window or over the door of the house, a fully-rigged mast surmounting the building, a cannon standing sentinel at the entrance, or the outside walls decorated with the flags of all maritime Powers, are the signboards in most common use. In Germany the boarding-houses are decorated,—though not built—to resemble a ship's interior; in France, the tricolor freely displayed is supposed to have most charms for the patriotic Frenchman. In America, the common sign which indicates the sailors' boarding-house and forms its chief attraction, if it can be said to have any attraction, is a faded woman in her gaudiest attire, sitting at the door smiling and smirking at every passer-by. Within the room fronting on the street,—sometimes in the cellar below it,—are to be generally seen other women engaged in some show of industry, such as sewing. Invariably a portion of this front apartment is set apart as a bar-room, and the proprietor or his wife stands guard over its treasures, and doles its contents to the victims of both sexes. Behind this is seen, through wicker-work that half conceals in order to avoid the scrutiny of the Police, and half discloses in order to attract the passer-by, the dance-room where the nightly debauch takes place.

Only the very slightest effort is made to conceal the nature of these houses. They bear to the sailors' district about the same relation that the lowest class of gambling-houses and dens of prostitution in other localities hold to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but, unlike those establish-

ments they can afford to be more public in their displays, for they are protected by the city authorities. The bar-room is at once the protection and the profit of the landlord; it is through the potent influence of its adulterated liquors that the sailor is deluded and robbed, and the women kept in subjection and under discipline; the license which authorizes its existence is made to protect the house and its inmates from the penalty of indulgence in all other excesses. Each of these dens obtains, without difficulty, legal recognition and protection by taking out a license to vend liquor at retail. The most degraded and notorious characters obtain these documents, which are their sole protection. Were it not for their existence, prominently displayed, the majority of the houses could be abolished by the Health Board on account of their filthy condition and infectious character, or suppressed by the Police as disreputable establishments and the resort of well-known thieves. These licenses are unhesitatingly given by the Police Board, although it is well known that the houses are maintained in open violation of a law of the State, passed March 21, 1866, requiring the keepers of all sailors' boarding-houses to obtain a license from a Board of Commissioners, appointed by the State for that special duty. In a number of the houses visited we found displayed a handsomely-engraved license, which we discovered in each instance, had expired in May, 1868. On inquiring why they had not been renewed, we were told that that license was of "no use now." Of the 169 houses now open in New York, few have the license required by the law of 1866, and none of these will be renewed after May, 1869. The authority of the licensing Board is ridiculed when mentioned, and it is powerless to enforce its authority. A test case was made by the Board in 1867. After much trouble and considerable sharp practice a Grand Jury was obtained, which had the moral courage to indict one of the most notorious of the keepers, and one who had



been among the first to defy the authority of the Board. The City Attorney was directed by the Commissioner to prosecute at once. The papers, however, have been suppressed ever since; the indicted keeper has kept his house open without license; and, seeing his success, others followed his example, and the rest will doubtless do so after May next.

The exteriors of the boarding-houses for sailors are repulsive enough, but one must explore them thoroughly if he would gain any idea of their horrible character. We found, after several visits with policemen and as a private citizen, that nothing of the real nature of the houses and inmates could be learned in that way. On the first round of visits we were severally mistaken for a health officer, a colporteur and a detective; we were accused at one house of a wish to christianize the women, or at least "leave some waste paper," as they denominate tracts and Bibles; at another we were ordered off the premises on suspicion of being a reporter, and in each case it was intimated that if we did not "come to spend greenbacks we were not welcome." For health officers and detectives they have a wholesome dread. We at length determined, in order to see the interior arrangements of the houses, to go in disguise, and managed to see the interior of more than one of the establishments where they had not on their best face.

While very few of the buildings have more than two stories and basement, they are fitted up to accommodate a great number of persons. Rooms which were originally fifteen or twenty feet square, have been divided into four, small, close and dismal; or else, left their original size, are crowded with beds and cots enough for twice or thrice the number intended. Often in a room with not more than sufficient ventilation for two, eight and ten persons are stowed away in beds whose linens are damp with filth and alive with vermin. Innocent of carpet or oil-cloth, barren of curtains or mir-

rors, they have the desolate appearance of a prison cell. In each of the several bedrooms which we saw there was displayed one decoration—a cheap print of some Catholic saint or of the Virgin, before which the inmates of the houses daily and nightly repeat unmeaning prayers. In the dance-room, which is the parlor of the establishment, and to which all visitors "who," as one of the most notorious of the keepers expressed it, "come to spend greenbacks are welcome," the only pieces of furniture are a rude bench extending around the room, and a table which is at once the platform on which the musician is elevated and the liquor ordered by the dancers is deposited. The music and the liquors are equally indifferent; the only worse thing to be found in such houses is—character. There is no comparison which will illustrate the quality of the latter. The proprietors are of that wily class whom the law is always pursuing but never catches; burglars and murderers at heart denied by a merciful nature the ingenuity or courage to pursue those callings. Their runners or *touters*, as they are called, are men who have been driven from every respectable employment for the commission of every species of petty crime. The women are old and faded creatures—most pitiful and unsightly wretches—whom lack of virtue and love of liquor have united to degrade to the lowest depths of humanity. The runner, if found without employment and money, would be arrested as a vagrant. The women who here are shameless in their exposure of themselves, would be arrested in any house which had not the magical license of the Police Commissioners as a protection. The landlords are preëminently hypocrites, careful to give the law no hold upon them. For the more open and bold robberies they commit, the women pay the penalty if any is exacted; the actual thief, the hypocritical landlord, appears in Court to thank the Judge for punishing the thief and redeeming the character of his house.

The means by which sailors are lured to these dens are as curious as they are infamous. When a vessel, returning from a long voyage, enters the Lower Bay, the Sandy Hook Telegraph Company announces her approach to New York for the benefit of four classes—the Quarantine officers, active to discover disease; the Customs inspectors, eager to detect smugglers; citizens solicitous to welcome friends, and *touters*, anxious to decoy sailors to their masters' dens. The Treasury rules provide that from the time the Quarantine officers begin their examination in the Lower Bay until the inspection of the Customs officers is finished at the dock, no other persons than the Government officers and pilot shall board a vessel entering the harbor. The New York State law of 1866, alluded to as having been passed for the better protection of the seamen in this port, especially prohibits owners of seamen's boarding-houses from boarding a ship before she has been made fast to the wharf, and not then without leave in writing from her owners or agents, or without a badge denoting his calling and giving him a designated number by which he may be known. In the enforcement of this special regulation and the law, respectable citizens are forbidden to communicate with their friends: an iron railing or wooden gate prevents parents from embracing long absent children; even hand-shaking through the bars is prohibited, lest through this expression of affection the Government may be swindled by a smuggling operation. But while State laws and Treasury regulations are strictly enforced against respectable citizens incapable of knowingly violating them, they are dead letters to the combined rascals known as *touters*, and who are known to be leagued with the smugglers. The *touters* are permitted to board—or rather they are not prevented from boarding any vessel at any hour they choose, in open defiance of the law; and numbers of them from their stations on Staten Island, flock to incoming ships when at Quarantine landing, or immediate-

ly after entering the Narrows. No one attempts to prevent their coming and going at pleasure. They have no fear of the Revenue cutters as the smugglers have, to all appearances the cutters have no eye for the *touters* as they have for the professional smugglers. Few Captains of ships have the moral courage to forbid them from boarding their vessels.

"Why," we asked a sea Captain who had been detailing to us the manner in which the *touters* operated, "why cannot you forbid them from boarding you? Why cannot the law be enforced?"

"Because the law will not protect the Captain in the performance of his duty," was the answer. "If I attempted to enforce it on my ship, I should have to fight not only the runners but the crew. After a long voyage, the sailor becomes very insubordinate when he gets in sight of port; and to order off these men who come as the friends of the crew—they are not always very good friends but they are often the only ones who do come to meet the sailors—would be to exasperate the crew. Then I should have the *touters* to fight the moment I landed, and I doubt if a Captain's life would be safe if he offended them. I do know, however that if I was to reveal a disposition and intention to prohibit runners from boarding my ship, I would very probably not have a ship long. My owners would have to discharge me as a sort of Jonah. So formidable is the combination among the runners, the boarding masters and shipping masters, that if I were to offend one class of them they could prevent me from getting a crew, and my ship would have to lie idle until my owners dismissed me and got a more politic Captain."

Once on board the ship the *touter* are permitted to mingle freely with the crew, and to express themselves in the most friendly language. The *touters* are generally employed for their plausible manner; the title is an expression of this quality, being an English slang phrase for a "good talker," and is one of praise given by the employer rather than of reproach.



bestowed by the victim. They offer the crew their services not only in obtaining their boarding-houses, but in securing their early discharge and immediate payment of their wages. The dark side of the prospect Jack does not stop to think of—if he does contemplate it it is dismissed from his mind as unavoidable, and he makes the best of the hard fate before him. Money he knows he must have to live elsewhere; money he must have to enjoy his freedom ashore; and the *touter's* friendly offer of a home, immediate liberty from ship discipline and liberal money advances are temptations too great for poor Jack to resist, and he falls a helpless victim into the hands of the land-sharks. He is made helpless by the laws that protect a great interest rich enough to take care of itself. The law which enables the ship owners to deny the sailor his wages when due him is the primary and direct cause of the sailor's troubles ashore. No other class of laborers is imposed on in this way by the law; and it is the existence of this and the non-existence of other provisions to be pointed out, which makes the United States the cruellest enemy of her sailors.

The moment the discipline of the ship is cast off, with a shout of glee Jack enters into the bondage of landlordism. If he could foresee the fate before him he would leave the ship with a sigh of pain. The freedom of the boarding-house is far more terrible than the slavery of the ship. Before he reaches the boarding-house he is in debt deeper than all the worldly possessions in his box will cancel. If his ship anchors in the stream he is charged three dollars for the hire of the small boat which carries him and his box ashore; five dollars more is added for the fee of the runner who guides him to the house. His name is entered on the books of the landlord only that he may be charged with these amounts, and one other—also an inevitable expense. It is the tax he pays for admission to the house. The moment he enters a house, the sailor, in accordance with an established custom, "stands treat" for all present.

"Come up, gentlemen," exclaims the landlord, "and drink Jack's welcome; he 'stands treat.'" And the cost of the liquor for the men present and for all the women in the house, is added to the indebtedness of the sailor.

Thus, before he is fairly installed in his new quarters, he is heavily in debt,—fast in bondage. To obtain a meal, a bed, or money, Jack must submit to these charges, and not only place his box of clothing, &c., in the hands of the landlord, but he is often compelled to give the ample security of a written order or power of attorney to the landlord to collect his pay. From this time forward, he is the slave of the landlord, and cannot, by any chance, get away from his prison-house while his money lasts.

We learned of instances where the wily landlord had collected, but never admitted the receipt of the sailor's pay until it was spent; and all the time that it lasted, he was advancing the sailor small sums out of his own money, and charging heavy interest. As a general thing, sailors draw their own pay, but the landlord to whom he is indebted, stands by to secure his claim; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the whole sum passes into the landlord's hands; and never leaves it: all is absorbed in board and dissipation. Frequently sailors land at this port after long voyages with from \$150 to \$200 due them, and if they fall into the hands of the land-sharks they are not only not allowed to see it except as the landlords choose to advance it in dribblets, but they are actually prevented from shipping again until the whole of it is spent. They may not remain in port a week,—often the demand for crews is so great that good seamen remain on shore but a few days,—still they find the balance at the landlord's is against them; the whole sum due him is declared absorbed by false and exorbitant charges for board, &c. Often the landlord's charges for a week exceed the earnings of a cruise; and the sailor goes as pennyless on board his new ship as he was when he came from his last.

Many of these poor fellows return-

ing from a long cruise to the East Indies leave the ship and follow the runner to a boarding-house with the intention of remaining until their wages are paid,—two or three days at the furthest, they sanguinely believe,—when they propose to go to their homes to visit parents or wives. But once under the influence of the boarding-house the sailor never escapes its bondage; he leaves his den only for the forecabin of a new ship, and instead of visiting home and relations he finds himself on a cruise abroad to meet only strangers. Often sailors who have friends not twenty miles distant reach this port after a six month's cruise, remain a week and depart without seeing or hearing from or writing to them. The aim of the landlord is to sever, as far as possible, all home ties of the sailor; he destroys thereby an influence which leaves his victim more helpless than ever. Many of the sailors—probably a majority of them—are from the interior districts. The sea has a strange fascination for those who have never seen it, and it is almost invariably the country lads who run away to become sailors. They thus become separated by a great distance from their relatives, and often the ties of relationship are wholly severed.

Any one familiar with the criminal records of this City will not fail to recall numerous instances of escaped criminals found in these localities. The sailors' district is a favorite hunting-ground of the Police and Detectives. But though many are arrested here, great numbers escape through the agency of the landlords, being shipped by them as sailors. Their booty, too, is often sent to these places for disposition or to be sent abroad. During the war hundreds of men were tempted to desert the army, and were shipped by the landlords without knowing any part of a sailor's duty.

In the same manner important witnesses in important litigations involving large sums of money, and sometimes life, are spirited away and indefinitely detained in the East Indies or Europe.

One of the most common and painful frauds perpetrated by the "land-sharks," and one of which is an outrage on the sailor and damaging to the marine service, is that of inducing foreign sailors to desert their ships. This they are sometimes induced to do and enter boarding-houses in this port, even when they know that they will lose what wages are due them. English sailors who ship from London or Liverpool, and receive, as is at present customary, one month's pay in advance, have very little due them on arrival here. They are induced to forfeit this, break their contract and desert their ship on representations by the landlords that the demand for seamen is great, advances large and shipping brisk. They desert and enter a boarding-house. "I have had 'em steal my men off the ship at night," said an English captain in explaining how this fraud was perpetrated. Once in the hands of the landlord they are kept if they have any money until it is absorbed, and then, allowed to ship, are robbed of the advance wages paid them. Of course, seamen who can be induced to do this are worthless characters, who disgrace the navy into which they enter. The English laws guard against this fraud by requiring each sailor in shipping to produce his certified discharge from the last ship he served in. The United States has no such safeguard, and the consequence is that its merchant marine receives the deserters of the British merchant service. In being thus deluded, the sailor not only loses the wages due by his former captain and is robbed of the advance paid when he is reshipped on an American vessel, but he forfeits his nationality and the protection of his flag, and gets no protection from that under which he enlists, for the reason that it extends none.

The maritime laws of most countries forbid the discharge of a sailor in any foreign port. An American captain engaging a crew in New-York, cannot legally discharge his men at Liverpool or Bremen or New Orleans, but must retain their services until he returns to New York.



But often our captains abroad, and foreign captains here, when they are to remain in port for some weeks, evade the law, and by collusion with the landsharks, force their crew to desert. Sometimes it is done by ill-treating the men,—compelling them to do hard and useless labor, and ill-feeding them. Oftener it is by confederating with the landlords, or some one of the numerous lawyers who pretend to look after the interests of sailors.

This swindle also is sometimes practiced by American captains with American crews in foreign ports. The United States laws require captains to give security that they will return each sailor shipped by them to the port from which he sailed, but he may, with the consent of the sailor and approval of the United States Consul, discharge a seaman abroad on paying him two months' extra pay and donating one month's pay to the fund for aiding destitute sailors, which the Government maintains in every port. By collusion, however, with the shipping masters in American ports, captains sometimes secure shipping articles from sailors, binding them without their knowledge, to go to other ports than that agreed upon. When he arrives out and asks for his discharge, the sailor is told that he is bound by his articles to go to other and distant ports. The Captain expresses a willingness to compromise, and offers to release the sailor on the forfeiture of the wages due him for the current month. If he consents he is taken to the Consul's office, and he is thus robbed of one month's pay as forfeit and the two month's wages which the law requires the Captain thus discharging shall pay. The sailor is not the only person thus robbed. The fund for the relief of destitute sailors, or in other words the United States which has to sustain this fund, is robbed of the one month's wages which the Captain is required to pay.

When the landlord has secured the sailor's last dollar and has the prospect of a goodly portion of his expected advance, he relinquishes him to the shipping masters. There are

about thirty firms engaged as shipping masters in this City, and, leagued with the landlords, they control the important matter of shipping sailors in this port. Their mode of procedure is not so varied, nor the fraud so extensive as that of the boarding house keepers. A captain, having secured his cargo, goes to a shipping master and states his wants, giving the number of men of the various grades required, and paying a fee of from \$3 to \$5 per man. The shipping master, armed with this list, goes to the various boarding-houses in search of seamen. He does not apply directly to the men, but to the keepers of the houses. The latter furnish him a list of those of their boarders who are out of money and in debt, and these only are allowed to ship. Those who have any money have no chance to ship unless the demand for seamen is very heavy. Those who have no money are sent to the shipping masters, who engage them with apparent reluctance often on the payment of a fee of from \$5 to \$10. Thus many a shipping master draws pay from both ship and crew, and frequently receives for shipping a crew of twenty men as much as \$250 or \$300. The tax on the sailor is paid by deduction from the advance wages; and thus this advance, exacted by custom in order to secure a good outfit for the seaman, is absorbed by the land-sharks, and the sailor goes on board his ship in rags. He begins his new voyage as he came from his last cruise, almost naked and entirely penniless. Thousands of seamen serve that richest of all paymasters, the sea, from year to year, performing the hardest of labor and submitting to the severest and often the most brutal discipline, varied only by the lowest dissipation, without literally seeing a single dollar of their own money.

This infamous American system of shipping, against which the sailors are now "striking," is at the root of all the evil to the service and many of the outrages on the sailor. It forces upon the service, men of no moral character and often incompetent seamen—even men who are

not sailors. When the demand is great, any person—stevedore, vagrant, criminal, any one whom the landlords control by force or through intoxication—is shipped without fear or remorse. It does not matter if the sailor is a cripple or diseased; his moral character is never considered by shipper or captain, and it is thus in the power of the shipping master or landlords, by concerted action, to place any ship in the hands of mutinous scoundrels and conspirators. In brief, the shipping-masters are without moral or legal restraint, and are influenced solely

and wholly by their own interests.

It is from this life that the sailor seeks redemption. There has never been a more vigorous effort made in his interest than the present one, (under the name of the New York Seamen's Association,) and we heartily hope to see it succeed. If the sailors can succeed in saving their blood-money, they will have gained by this movement an ample advance in their wages. The shipowners, by aiding them, will not only be enabled to get sailors at cheaper rates; but will also improve the character of their own crews.

### FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE GLOBE.

BY ABBY GAGE.

I remember being told when a child that the English Capt. Cook commanded the first ship that ever sailed round the globe. From that time the name of Capt. Cook excited in my mind the greatest wonder and reverence. To sail from one point on the earth's surface, and pass through ocean after ocean, still sailing in the same direction till the starting point was reached—to prove beyond a doubt that the world really was round, like a ball or an orange, and not flat like a pancake, or square like a block—this was the most wonderful of all facts.

But not to Capt. Cook—great navigator though he was—does this great honor belong. The first ship which ever put a girdle round the earth, was built more than two hundred years before Captain Cook was born.

Fernando Mayahaenes—or as we call him, Magellan—set sail from Spain in the month of September 1519. Like most other captains of his time, his ambition was to find a western passage to Asia. Columbus had failed in this; Sebastian Cabot, the Pinzons, all daring navigators, had failed.

"Now let me try what I can do towards discovering a way to India," petitioned Magellan of Charles Fifth, Emperor of Spain and Germany, and Charles listened favorably to his prayers.

He gave him five ships, (the largest 130 tons,) two hundred and thirty-four men, and provisions for two years. That was a famous fitting out for those days, when sovereigns were not over liberal with the brave men who risked their lives for their glory and profit.

So the ships were made ready to sail. But on what a dark and uncertain voyage. It seems now, as we read the list of disasters which make up the history of discovery in that age, that men could hardly have been found brave enough to enlist in it. Yet out they went from the friendly shores of Europe, shipload after shipload, with almost every man on board doomed to lingering and horrible death. As the school boy reads the plaintive words of Æneas, "So many labors, so much misery did they endure, that they might build a city and bring their household gods to Troy,"—so from the past, sad voices cry to us "So many hardships, such terrible perils, did we suffer, that America might become a nation, and liberty make her throne there."

In September, 1519, Magellan sailed. By January he had reached Brazil, and the Rio de la Plata. In the vicinity of the river he spent several months, getting fresh provisions, putting his ships in perfect order, and principally in exploring the river, hoping he might find it to be a



channel into the desired sea. When he gave up this hope, he sailed along the coast of Patagonia, stopping occasionally and landing on the shores. And here for the first time, the dwellers of the old world saw a vegetable unknown before. It was nearly round, and had a brown skin. The natives called them "*batates*," and the historian of the voyage says, "they looked like turnips, and tasted like chesnuts;" the sailors ate them eagerly, all vegetables taste so delicious to sailors living on salt food. Do you know what they were? Why, *potatoes*, the commonest fruit of the earth now-a-days, but unknown then, except to the Patagonians. These were one of the gifts of the new world to the old.

The Spaniards describe those natives as a race of giants, ten and twelve feet high, but of course that is an exaggeration. Magellan contrived to get two of them on board his ship, and carried them off, shrieking for their god *Stetebos* to rescue them. If you read "*The Tempest*" in Shakespeare's plays, you will find *Stetebos* is also the god of Caliban. Probably Master William Shakespeare had been reading an account of Magellan's voyage, just before he wrote his play, and so borrowed some names from him.

The natives could not understand how the white men could be so small, and sail so large ships. And they had a funny idea of the vessels. They thought the boats were the children of the ship, and when they were let down into the water they believed the "monster canoe" had been suckling her little ones, as the mother whale suckles her young ones. This conceit tickled the Spaniards amazingly.

Before reaching the Straits which are now named for Magellan, one vessel was lost. When they arrived at the Straits another ship deserted and went back to Spain. So when they had fairly entered the passage, only three ships were left.

When they first saw this entrance they did not know whether it was a river, or an open channel, or an arm of the sea running up into the land.

Slowly and cautiously, feeling their way at every step, the three ships entered the crooked, winding channel. It was cold and stormy. Above their heads, many times taller than the masts, towered the grand icy cliffs of Terra del Fuego, glittering and pitiless. The crews began to mutiny, but Magellan resolutely put them down.

"Do I cry because I am cold or hungry" he asked of the murmurers. "Let a man dare to *speak* of his sufferings and he dies on the spot."

When at length they came out of this narrow way into the broad, calm, peaceful ocean beyond, not a man but forgot his miseries. Though their mouths were so swollen with the scurvy that they could not chew their food, they shouted for joy. This calm water, so free from storms, Magellan called the "*Pacific*" ocean, and it has ever since borne that name. The stormy passages through which they had sailed he called (whether in satire or not, I cannot tell) "*The Straits of the Eleven Thousand Virgins*."

They sailed northward towards warmer latitudes, but they found their suffering had only just begun. They ate the leather of their shoes and garments. They ate sawdust, and gnawed pieces of wood. They bargained with each other for mice which some lucky ones caught, and these animals rated at a ducat apiece and upwards. What they endured is dreadful to think of.

For three months they sailed thus. Only the fine weather and favorable winds saved them. Then they came to the Ladrone Islands and they got relief. After this they went to the Philippine islands and made friendly overtures to the natives. Magellan wished to convert all these isles to Christianity, and at Matan he set up a cross, and the king and all his subjects professed to turn Christians. At Zebu he did not find the king so tractable, so Magellan resolved to fight him and make him a Christian whether he would or no. The Spaniards bore armor, and had better weapons, but the natives were in overpowering numbers. But that did not dismay the Spaniards.

Bravely fighting there, Magellan and eight others were killed. So the expedition lost its rash, but resolute commander. His men could not rescue his body, and it was left for the savages to wreak their vengeance on.

Juan Serano, who should have succeeded Magellan, was taken prisoner. Just as the ships were going to sail, his captors brought him to the shore bound hand and foot. In the sight of all his comrades, with the most moving entreaties, he prayed them not to leave him to be tortured to death by these savages, but to offer a ransom for him. But the next in rank in the expedition, who had already assumed command, took no heed, and unfurling his sails prepared to depart. As they went away, Serano, in an awful voice, cursed them as traitors and false comrades, and invoked God's vengeance on the expedition. The captain declared in excuse, that he was afraid of the natives, but many thought he wished to keep the command, which was not his if Serano were in the fleet. He did not live long to enjoy it however, and at his death Sebastian Del Cano became captain.

At Bohol, (another island) they burnt one of the ships, as their force was too reduced to navigate it easily, and the two remaining vessels went on alone.

They went past Borneo, down the coast of Africa, round the cape of Good Hope, which Vasco Da Gama had passed for the first time, twenty-five years before. On the way they lost another ship, and now the *Vito-*

*ria*, a little bark of ninety tons went on alone to bear to the civilized world, the great news of the discovery of a *western* passage to India.

In Sept. 1522, just three years from the time of their setting out, this ship sailed into her native port. Out of two hundred and thirty-four men she brought back eighteen. They had been aided to navigate the vessel on her way home by some Indians they had taken prisoners at the Philippines.

Sebastian Del Cano, who brought the expedition back, was treated better than most discoverers were by the kings they served, for he was loaded with honors, and held high offices till his death.

So ended the first voyage round the world, and we can end this account of it, in no better words than those in which the historian who chronicled the expedition, closes his history.

"These were mariners who surely merited an eternal memory more justly than the Argonauts of old. The ship too, undoubtedly deserved far better to be placed among the stars, than the ship *Argo*, which from Greece discovered the great sea; for this, our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, sailing southward through the great ocean towards the Atlantic Pole, and then turning west, *not by sailing back, but by constantly keeping forward and encompassing the globe until she marvelously reached her native country,—Spain.*"

(Independent.)

---

## WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO.

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

Let us suppose that the solar system moves into the influence of an enormously extended dark nebula. This extended dust-cloud is cold beyond conception, a fathomless abyss of cold. It would strike a chill into the system. The earth would be covered with blankets of snow, generating glaciers; and these would remain until the exhaustive influence

had gone by, as a protection against it. This idea, although conjectural, is not in discord with any known conditions. We know of no reason why dark matter may not be accumulated in certain parts of space. *That such vortices have existed is certain, since planetary and solar systems have been formed by them, and it is not certain that others may not be*



progress. Causes of variation of another kind must be invoked to account for the existence of a tropical climate in arctic regions, at an epoch preceding the ice period; unless we try to account for them by the passage of the solar system through or near nebulous masses of a mild temperature. Suppositions like these appear crude and hasty; though in time they may become rational, when strengthened by sound analogies.

A complete interchange of matter has been many times made between the interior and surface of the globe. Earthy substance, taken from arctic regions by oceanic currents, has continually raised a belt of land on either side of the equator. This deposit, being always in excess of what is needed to preserve the formal equilibrium of the plastic globe, will constantly depress the equatorial belt, and thrust out the arctic regions as they are abraded. By this process, in certain regions of deep sea is produced a revolution of matter downward and outward from the equator toward each of the poles. But the movement, working from age to age over successive meridians, must be subject to large inequalities.

\* \* \* \* \*

There must have been a time without liquidity and without the present atmospheric pressure. There was a time when vegetation on the vast scale of the tropics, as we now observe it, was not so active in its work. The appearance of an excess of vegetation marks the close of the larger systems of stratification; but the rules of deduction indicated lead us to conclude, that, during the more recent ages;—be it the last million of years,—organic life has been more active than at any previous epoch.

All the natural movements have become more active; because the mass and force of the earth, together with its temperature, have been augmented; *and it will not be denied by physiologists that these causes will have refined and intensified the products of vitality.* The fulcrum of transition from the grosser to the more concentrated forms of life exists in fact, and may be found in the method of formation of the earth itself.

The earth is progressing by excessively slow changes toward the solar and nebulous condition. Its history is a repetition of the solar, and a time must arrive when the surface, becoming incandescent, will be obscured only by casual dark pits in a brilliant atmosphere, a *souvenir* of the present darkness of the crust; yet during a certain period, within fixed limits of gravitating force and heat of mass, the human race may continue to exist; progressing, we may suppose, in force and fineness of organization. The race will perish, perhaps, in the order of nature, by failure or insufficient number of offspring, a principal cause of the extinction of superior races. The earth must become lone and voiceless long before the incandescence of the crust. Science may follow it into the condition of an attendant star, and then of an expanding nebula.

In the cosmos all movements are cyclical, and recurrent, without change save interchange among forms of motion. A universe which is, in its total, the same to-day as yesterday and always, would appear idle and dull if it were not the footstool of Divine force, upon which the creative will maintains a certain equipoise, necessary to the continued production of spiritual forms.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

### SPECIALTIES IN SCIENCE.

By carefully cultivating any one particular branch, more progress is made in accurate knowledge, than when an individual attempts to carry on every department. The man who sharpened the points of needles

all his life, exclusively, could do it much better than workmen who made both eyes and points.

Specialties are now the order of the day. One artisan tempers gunsprings, another cuts screws, a third

inspects the bore, a fourth gauges the sight, for example, and thus every part is well done. Naturalists are subdivided in a similar manner. There are some studying the structure of bones, some the nerves, others the organs of sense, and many in search of novelties that have escaped the sharp-eyed philosophers, who have only generalized, instead of describing minute differences in species.

There is a microscopical society in London, that deals in little things not to be seen by unassisted optics. It also issues a monthly publication that abounds in very learned papers on minute discoveries—so small, the world never would have believed there were such *petit*, invisible monsters in the full enjoyment of life had the microscope not been invented. One is amazed at the revelations appearing in this periodical. Whole nations of strange beings exist on surface that could not be recognized without a multiplying glass of extraordinary powers. They have quick locomotion, voracious appetites, and what more than any thing else shows they are of the earth, earthy, they quarrel, and fight too, among themselves, like politicians.

In one of the recent numbers of the *Microscopic Journal*, a collaborator dwells with exceeding interest on the

character of the tissue, or membrane, that covers the tongue of certain reptiles. Who but him would have thought it a topic of any importance one way or the other? But it is solely by special attention to distinct objects in the field of inquiry, that an aggregation of facts, the product of many investigations, finally establishes something that otherwise might not have been suspected—namely; that there in no void in the kingdom, no vacant, unoccupied spot or place. Living forms gush into being every where, in water, air, and the profoundest, darkest niches of creation. As nice a finish appertains to each and all however humble, lowly or small, as in the highest types of intellectual manhood. No slighted workmanship can be detected within or without. Tubes the four thousandth part of the diameter of a fine hair, have a beautifully smooth calibre, and fluids circulate through them with the same freedom that the vitalized blood of an elephnat runs its rounds from the centre to the periphery of that huge mass of mighty muscles.

How grand the thought how solemn the contemplation of the attributes of the God of all who by a fiat of his will, said "Let there be light, and there was light."—*Hearth and Home*.

## THE NAVY.

The *Naval Register* for 1869 has just been issued. Three additional names appear among the list of Rear-Admirals since the last Register was issued, viz: JOSEPH L. ARNAM, M. TURNER, and CHARLES L. POOR, while two, HENRY K. HOFF and HENRY L. THATCHER have been retired. The Rear-Admirals now in active service are ten. Forty-two deaths are recorded, including Rear-Admirals BELL, ENGLE, and MERVINE; Commodores PRENTISS, RIDGELY, MILLER and GANESVOORT; Captains MARY and DOVE, and three officers of Marines. The Register shows a large reduction in the volunteer force of the Navy, many be-

longing to that branch of the service having been honorably discharged and mustered out during the past year, the present Register showing with the exception of a number of mates, a volunteer force of line officers numbering only twelve Acting Masters and nine Acting Ensigns, all of which, with the exception of one of each grade on coast survey duty have been ordered home. Twenty-nine vessels have been sold or lost during the year, including the *Waterloo* and *Fredonia*, cast ashore by the earthquake at Arica, the former being subsequently sold, and the *Swanew* wrecked in Shadwell Passage. The remaining vessels were sold at



various navy-yards and stations.—The different squadrons are commanded as follows :—

*North Atlantic*—Rear Admiral Hoff employing six vessels—a reduction of four since the last Register.

*South Atlantic*—Rear Admiral Davis, six vessels ; a reduction of one.

*European Squadron*—Rear Admiral Radford, ordered to the command. There is no reduction in the number of vessels attached to this squadron. The *Franklin* is registered as Flagship, and the new steamer *Kenosha* is among the list.

*North Pacific Squadron*—Rear Admiral Craven ; seven vessels employed ; a reduction of three.

*South Pacific Squadron*—Rear Admiral Turner ; five vessels employed, same number as were in service on that station last year.

*Asiatic Squadron*—Rear Admiral Rowan ; ten vessels, a reduction of three, and there are four vessels, the *Saratoga*, *Michigan*, *Purveyor* and *Tallapoosa*, registered as being on special service. There is also a reduction of three since the Register of 1868.

---

### Hell Gate.

CLEARING THE WAY FOR COMMERCE.

—THE TRIUMPH OF STEAM MACHINERY.

Recently operations at Hell Gate fully established the efficiency of the new drilling machine. For the benefit of the uninformed, it may be repeated here that the difficulty in removing submarine rocks has been the inability to drill holes in them in deep water. The machine which Mr. Sheldbourne has contrived meets this difficulty. It was put overboard recently, when the tide was rushing with its greatest force, and let down upon the rocks to a depth of thirty-five feet. Steam was turned on, and the visitors awaited the result. The signal at once indicated that the drill shaft was revolving and descending, which it continued to do until, by the regular action of the machine, it was reversed, and revolved up again. No one could see the drill ; but if it worked then as it had worked before

on dry land, a hole six feet deep must have been bored. There was no reason to doubt that it had done so, and a diver started down to verify the fact. But so strong was the tide, that as soon as he touched the water his feet were carried away from under him and he swung out on the surface, being unable to keep himself perpendicular though holding on fast to the heavy ropes which anchored the drill. Only the heavy weight of the machine, five tons, kept it from swaying in the water or overturning at the bottom. When the rush of the tide had abated the diver went down, and found a smooth even hole drilled through a loose rock on the top down into the solid reef beneath. The machine had done and recorded its work faithfully ; it drilled a hole six feet deep in fifty-five minutes, thirty-five feet down in the swift and boiling current of Hell Gate. This was a substantial triumph. Generally, work will go on only in slack water ; in this instance the contractor wished to test his machine in the worst stage of the tide. The operations will now go forward steadily and carefully, and from time to time their progress shall be fully reported.

---

### A Good Hit.

Captain Timothy C. Spaulding, of the bark *Elizabeth*, of New Bedford, while coming south southwest of Madagascar, struck a very large sperm whale. On opening the whale he had the good luck to discover two hundred and eighty-five pounds of ambergris—worth over twenty thousand dollars. This article is found only in small quantities. The old price was one pound of ambergris for one pound of gold.

---

### The Lone Pirate—A True Story of the South Atlantic.

Fiction and fact are equally outdone by the almost incredible narrative related in the log of the Dutch vessel *Finnechina*, which has just arrived in Cork harbor from South America. It seems that a London

sailor, Rogers by name, shipped on board the *Finnechina* at Buenos Ayres as a foremast hand upon her voyage to Cork. Capt. Hotze, the Hollander in command, had in his cabin a large sum of money; the fact was well known; and Rogers appears to have determined to obtain the coin at the price, if necessary, of wholesale murder. The ship's company was short, consisting only—beside the solitary pirate—of captain, first and second mate, cook and three seamen. On the fourth day out from Buenos Ayres, when five of these seven men were upon deck, Rogers put his astonishing villainy into execution. The first mate was standing in the open gangway when Rogers, with a sudden thrust, pushed the poor fellow into the sea. The cook, hearing the cries of the drowning man, and most likely thinking that he had got into the water by accident, ran to the taffrail with a rope to throw to the mate; and while he was leaning over, Rogers took him by the legs and pitched him also into the water.

The second mate, who came running aft in order to help, was encountered by the miscreant, who had meantime got hold of an axe, and brandished it furiously. The unarmed Dutchman retreated before the murderous wretch, and jumped down the companion just as the commander, alarmed by the outcry, was hurrying upon deck. The two men came into collision and fell; and while Captain Hotze and his second mate were rolling upon the cabin floor together, Rogers clapped down the hatch over the ladder and put the pin into the staple. Thus there were three of the ship's company imprisoned below, and two men only remained on deck, an American and an Irishman. The assassin stood amidships between the two, and swore that he would kill them with his axe if either disobeyed him in the least particular. He ordered the one to keep forward, and the other aft, and made them steer the vessel by turns, directing her course, as he supposed, back to a desert part of the Brazilian coast.

His idea seems to have been to run the ship ashore, and find some way of killing the survivors. But the compasses were wrong; and thus, instead of making the land, the captured ship, in the possession of the homicidal maniac, was all the while steering parallel to the coast line. Twice during this time the Captain got a shot at Rogers through the grating, but without wounding him seriously. Four days and nights the desperate creature stood, axe in hand, overawing the two sailors on deck, himself master of the vessel; and he is said never to have closed his eyes, keeping a wild beast's watch of fear, rage, and avarice. It appears rather strange that nothing could be done by the two men together. Did they dare to sleep? Had they any food and water, or was the lonely pirate thus provided? Perhaps it was his plan to starve them to death at the helm, or to weaken them till they could be easily killed. For him, at any rate, there was no relief—no respite from his desperate sentinelship; and at the end of the fourth day nature gave him over into the hands of his intended victims. The villain fell suddenly asleep as he crouched, watching the Yankee and the Irishman, beyond the range of the Captain's pistols. The long-awaited opportunity was eagerly embraced; the Irishman sprang silently forward, and, seizing the axe, with one blow all but severed the head of Rogers from his body. The hatches were opened, and three prisoners were let free. The head of the vessel was then turned towards Rio Janeiro, where a full statement was made of the deplorable adventure; and after due investigation, the *Finnechina* shipped a fresh crew and came quietly across to Cork Harbor, where the survivors of the tragedy have told their extraordinary narrative.

---

“They that go down to the Sea in Ships.”

The *Boston Journal* of Jan. 22 says the British brig *Randolph Payson* sailed from Pictou, N. S., last No



vember, with a cargo of coal for Boston, and as no tidings had been received from her it was fully believed that the vessel was lost at sea, and that all hands had perished. Acting on this belief persons living at Weymouth, N. S., who had relatives on board, recently gave expression to their sorrow and love for the departed by having the usual funeral services at their homes. But like many other strange experiences in human life, their late sorrow has been changed to joy by the intelligence received in this city this morning, and sent to them by telegraph, that the missing vessel has been heard from, safe in a foreign port. The brig, after meeting with a series of gales, in which she was blown off the coast and nearly stripped of all her sails and otherwise crippled, succeeded in reaching St. Thomas (West Indies) after buffeting with the waves for forty days.

Another story of trial and suffering at sea comes to us from Philadelphia. The bark *Cadet*, from Liverpool, for Philadelphia, was 105 days in her passage, and had provisions for but thirty-five days. The crew were nearly starved to death, and would have died from starvation had they not fallen in with another vessel and obtained a supply—though a small one—of provisions.

#### Russian Maritime Regulations.

The Russian government has recently issued some new maritime police regulations, the substance of which is as follows:

1. Foreign ships will be liable to the superintendence of the Russian Custom House authorities within three miles of the Russian continent or of any islands belonging to Russia.

2. Any Russian or foreign vessel approaching to within the above mentioned distance, will be liable to be visited and inspected by the Custom House officers.

3. Within the distance mentioned all ships will be required to slacken their speed on the approach of a cruiser sailing under the Russian Custom House flag. Neglecting to do

this, they will be fired at with blank cartridge by the cruisers. Should the ship attempt to escape, the cruiser after firing again with blank cartridge, will fire with ball, first at the rigging and then at the hull.

Note—Clauses two and three have no reference to Russian and foreign men of war.

4. The chase to a ship, begun within the said distance from the shore, may be extended to neutral waters.

#### A College for Seamen.

A college is now erecting for seamen in South Shields, at the mouth of the river Tyne, in England, in which there will be given to sailors an education qualifying them to pass the examinations of the Board of Trade, and to exercise the highest duties of their calling. This college was founded by the late Dr. Winterbottom, of South Shields, who by his will, left sixty thousand pounds for its erection and endowment. By the provisions of the will of its founder, the education afforded in this college is to be given free of all charge to every seaman—British or foreign—who is willing to avail himself of it. The only conditions of entrance are, that the students of the college be *bona fide* seamen, and that they be already acquainted with reading, writing and the first four rules of arithmetic. In the college daily instruction will be given to the students in navigation and nautical astronomy. The practical use of all nautical instruments will be shown in an observatory attached to the institution, which, when finished, will be one of the most complete in England. Lessons also will be given to the students in the use of the commercial code of signals, light, and the rule of the road at sea. In the observatory attached to the college means have been provided whereby the students will be taught how to take altitudes of the sun, moon and stars, to observe lunar distances, and to take the bearings of the heavenly bodies by means of the azimuth compass. Questions in latitude and longitude will also be worked out by them on the spot in the observatory.

### The Isles of the Sea.—An Inviting Picture.

The last report of the London Missionary Society contains an admirable resumé of the triumphs of the Gospel in Polynesia—especially in the South Pacific. Speaking of the physical aspects of that ocean world, it says :

Rare in the world are these scenes of enchanting beauty. Yet nowhere did heathenism descend to deeper degradation ; nowhere did it develop blacker vices and commit more hellish crimes. Incessant war, merciless cruelty, infanticide, indescribable vice, in many places cannibalism, made the strong races a ceaseless terror to each other and to the world outside them. Over millions of their brethren such heathenism and wickedness hold the same sway still. In all but Western Polynesia the Gospel has swept this heathenism away. The four great Societies which have sent their brethren forth as messengers of mercy, have gathered into Christ's fold 300,000 people, of whom fifty thousand are members of the Church. They have together expended on the process not less than £12,000,000 ; a sum which now-a-days will only make a London railway, or furnish the navy with six iron clads. Yet how wonderful the fruit of their toil ! "The wolf dwells with the lamb, the leopard lies down with the kid." The destruction of life has been stayed. Beautiful as were these lands by nature, culture has rendered them more lovely still. Everywhere the white chapel and school have taken the place of the heathen marai. The trim cottage which Christianity gave them, peeps everywhere from its nook of leaves. Land and people are Christian now. The victories of peace have taken the place of war. Resources have multiplied : wealth has begun to accumulate. Books, knowledge, order, and law, rule these communities. Large churches have been gathered, schools flourish, good men and good women are numerous. Not a few have offered themselves as missionaries to heathen

islands ; and in zeal, self-sacrifice and patient service have equalled the earnest men of other climes.

All over the southern groups of Polynesia this is the work which missionaries have been doing. This is the influence which they have exercised, and these are the fruits of their devoted toil. It is not merely Admiral Fitzroy, and Captain Erskine, and Admiral Wilkes, who testify to the reality of such results but to these Christian islands, where sailors were once afraid to land, hundreds of whalers run gladly every year to get the refreshment which their hard toil renders so grateful. From icebergs and boundless seas and heavy gales of wind ; from the exciting chase, the capture, the boiling down of their huge prey ; and from all the filthy, weary work of whaling life, they now run north to New Zealand and Samoa, to Tahiti and Rarotonga ; not only to refit their vessels and to replace their broken gear, but to buy fresh meat and vegetables and coffee ; to get medicine for their sick ; to revel in oranges, plantains, and watermelons ; to feast the eye on green mountains and cultured valleys ; to wallow among white cottages and flower gardens and groves of palms ; to attend Sabbath services, and be reminded of their Christian training, and their Christian homes. Where have unaided men, however wise, produced a moral change like this ? With us the Gospel alone has done it, and to God we give all the praise

---

### Living for a Purpose.

Has there ever come floating over your soul in the solemn midnight of the hush of solitude, a still, soft echo, chanting these words : "For what are you living ?" Have not its weird tones followed you to the crowded street ? Have they not rang out in the evening bell, the fearful storm ? The voice of the winds has borne them to you ; the gushing of the waters, as they rush onward to the old ocean, has joined in the murmur "For what are you living ?"

And what was your soul's reply ?



the gentle voice? Was it like the calm music that the sweet-toned harp gives forth to the hand of the musician; or were the strings mute and broken? Do not bid this voice be silent, but think of it, listen to its murmur, and remember that on the answer it receives hangs your future destiny,—yes, your *future destiny*; for if your purpose is high and noble, your life will be noble also; if your purpose is aimless and low, then your life will be likewise, and you will sink into the grave,

“Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.”

There was once a man whose chief aim from boyhood had been to gain riches. For these he sacrificed love, friendship, everything; but when his object was accomplished, and he could count his millions, life became a dreary blank to the miser. In the darkness of night, he fancied he saw gaunt forms of men dividing his gold among themselves; and day by day the weird face of starvation looked upon him from every side; for he would rather starve than part with the smallest fraction of his hoarded treasure. Do you wonder that he determined to die? Softly he crept from his gloomy cellar, and clutching his idol, bent his steps toward the river. The flowers looked up as he passed, and the sunbeams smiled sweetly, but he saw them not, and shuddered as the winds murmured, fancying that robbers lay concealed amid the trees. Now he stands by the rushing, shivering river; one moment more, and the fate of the miser will be sealed forever; but suddenly he pauses, for there before him a woman kneels, praying for one penny to buy bread for her children. With a half-whisper that he “would never need it again,” he fills her scrawny hand with money,—for the first time in his life gives to the poor,—and the woman, little dreaming that she has done an angel’s work, prays with uplifted hands that God will bless her preserver.

It is a strange position for the miser, and with streaming eyes, he turns from the dark water. His icy heart is melted, and while he returns

along the winding path, the recording angel writes in the book of life,—

“LIVING FOR A NEW PURPOSE!”

With the simple words, “Living for a purpose,” how many a heart-history passes before us! Grand lives that cause our souls to burn with enthusiasm. You all know them; they are like brilliant stars upon which you love to gaze and wonder. Yet, amid them all, there shines one Star—the Star of Bethlehem—guiding our weary souls to Jesus, enveloping his life, his purpose, with a shining halo. Is there one that cannot admire his character? Is there one that cannot love him who breathed out his life upon the cross? O wondrous life! O mysterious death!

And now by the memory of the Saviour’s suffering, by the memory of the glorious purposes for which he lived, by the memory of his death and resurrection, let us decide upon our purpose in life. With his example before us, our aim cannot but be noble.

Let us clasp his outstretched hand,  
Looking forward to the land  
Where the sunbeams ever quiver,  
And there singeth many a river  
Softly there!

Let us clasp his hand all tightly,  
And he’ll lead us, oh, how lightly,  
Over rocks and briers, piercing,  
To pure happiness unceasing,  
No more care!

---

### Light.

The explorers of the arctic seas rejoice in the light of morning after the night of six months’ duration.

The little child, in a long winter’s night in Vermont, exclaims, when he wakes at five o’clock in the morning, “I want to see.”

And very sweet is the light that reveals the rosy smiles of children and the suny faces of friends to the watching eyes of love.

Yet by as much superior as mind is to matter, so much more the light that enters, cheers, warms, and rejoices the mind long shut out

from "understanding," which "is a well-spring of life," is dearer and sweeter than the light with which "Aurora gilds the morn." How rises and exalts the mind by intellectual culture, and rejoices in the light of science and of art!

But by as much as the religious element is superior to the intellectual, by so much more, when the "Son of righteousness arises with healing in his wings," is the whole immortal nature of man elevated and blessed. Such is the light of the gospel. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men."

O every one, everywhere, take down the shutters of unbelief, and let this "light of men" illumine your whole being, and guide you to His presence where there is fulness of joy for evermore! "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." — *Well-Spring.* E. E.

#### Dependence on Christ.

Live in dependence upon Christ, in the exercise of faith upon God in Christ. Trust him in all, for all, with all. Trust him with all your concerns, for soul and body, for this life and eternity, for yourselves and posterity. Have confidence in him. You can have no fellowship or intimacy with one in whom you have not confidence. So far as you have fears, doubts, suspicions, jealousy, distrust of him, so far you will be estranged from him. These will keep you off from him, as from one whom you cannot fully trust; and will disoblige him, and so keep him off from you. These, so far as they prevail, will occasion a mutual distance and estrangement, which will not stand with near and mutual fellowship.

When you find anything too hard

and difficult for you—sin, the world, temptation, any spiritual duty, any service—he calls you to commit your way to him. (Ps. xxxvii. 5). When you find anything too heavy for you—any want, affliction, suffering—when it proves too burdensome, cast it upon him. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." (Ps. lv. 22). He will show the part of an intimate friend, and put his shoulder under, and not suffer thee to shrink, to be moved, much less to sink. When you are apt to be troubled, perplexed, solicitous about anything, cast that care upon him. (1 Pet. v. 7; Phil. iv. 6).

Those who have lived most in communion with God have lived most in the exercise of faith; trusting him with all they have, in all they fear, for all they want. Walking in communion with God is a walking by faith, not by sense; not making sensible objects, persons, or things, their support and confidence, but renouncing all confidence in the flesh, or in the arm of flesh, or in those things which a carnal heart has recourse to for support. Rely on, and stay yourselves upon God (Isa. i. 10), else you will walk in darkness, not see your way to communion with God, nor discern the comfort of it. There is perfect peace and repose in this communion; but how may one come by it? (See Isa. xxvi. 3).—While you stay yourselves on God, and go leaning on him, you are near him, he is near you, you are in fellowship with him. This is the posture of intimate friends; thus they enjoy one another; herein their communion shows itself.

*Clarkson's Sermons.*

#### Perseverance in Prayer.

The following illustration was used by Dr. Payson in familiar conversation with a friend.

"God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study, engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry I do not go out to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may



be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave everything and go to it. So, when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see if the cry is repeated; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his Father's presence, this blessing will not long be withheld."

---

**"It Is More Blessed."**

(SELECTED.)

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine is given;

Lavishing, utterly, joyfully, give—

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth overglowing;  
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;

Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,  
Wasting its waters forever and ever  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the  
giver;

Silent, or songful, then nearest the sea,  
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!  
What if a bird thro' the pearl rain is soaring,  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the Life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses;  
Evil and thankless, the desert it blesses,  
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses;

Never it ceases to whisper and sing.

What if the hard heart give thorns for thy  
roses?

What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?  
Sweetest is music which minor-keyed closes,

Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;  
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from  
lover!

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?

Give! as the hand gives whose fetters are break-  
ing,

Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy  
waking;

Soon heaven's river thy soul-fevered slaking,  
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He  
gave.

**"The Sea Hath Spoken, Yea, The  
Strength of the Sea."**

For several years there have been silent influences at work, and much labor performed, in a quiet, noiseless manner, in connection with the seamen of our country, and the results of these labors are daily seen and felt. Few who are not connected with sailors can have any adequate idea of the immorality of the lives of a large portion of them. A ship's company have often been dreading by the missionary almost as much as the plague. Their licentiousness is proverbial, and their influence in foreign ports is to the last degree terrible.

But convert a sailor, bring his soul under the divine influence of the gospel, and all this is reversed. Then he goes forth with the Bible and the Bethel flag, and wherever he stops in port, the flag is displayed, and its beautiful pennons beckon the sailor to the fold of Christ.

"Never," said a pious captain at a social gathering, not long since, "never shall I forget those beautiful moonlight evenings in the tropics, when our barks lay at anchor, and I raised the Bethel flag, and watched the little boats skimming over the surface of that quiet sea, filled with sailors, and officers with their wives, passing to and fro, singing the sweet songs of Zion as they rowed toward us, to spend an hour in prayer. Then it was that heaven came down to earth, and God appeared to dwell with men." This captain was instrumental in the conversion of all his ship's company. Convert a sea captain, and his influence is almost unlimited over his crew.

The late lamented Dr. Bethune, who labored so long and earnestly for the elevation of the sailor, says, in relation to the conversion of seamen:—

"The soul of one man, all other things being equal, is worth as much as another; but, when converted, it may be worth more than another, in the influence which it may bring to bear on the world. If the sailor is going to distant lands, to a nation resembling our own at one time, to the shores cursed by the supersti-

tions of Rome at another; on one voyage to a part darkened by the faith of the false Prophet; or upon another, to one where demonism shrouds its people in the absurdities of a cruel feticism; the conversion of this wanderer of the seas, who comes as near ubiquity as any man can, is worth, in this light, more than the conversion of ten ordinary men who stay at home, every night sleeping in the same bed, and every Sabbath worshipping in the same church. God, in his providence, made great use of common men, but the conversion of these was not equal, in its influence in the world at large, to the conversion of one intelligent sailor who travels over the earth."

Within the past year several sea captains and inferiors officers, together with a hundred or more sailors, have professed Christ and been united with a single one of our city churches. The presentation of beautiful Bethel flags to these captains, with the fervent exhortations addressed to them by ministers and laymen, together with their own touching and humble expressions of gratitude to God, who had met some of them on the broad ocean, and others in the house of prayer, were unusually affecting.

Think of a hundred sailors, newly converted, going forth with the open Bible to call men to repent! What a change in a ship's company! Where the fearful oath has been heard, there the name of God is now spoken with reverence; in place of the ribald song, the sweet and pure words of love and praise ascend to heaven.

The intoxicating cup, that inflamer of the passions, that high priest of all the vices, especially that of licentiousness, has to a large extent been withdrawn from the sailor; so that, where disorder and insubordination once reigned, cheerful obedience has ensued. Now, instead of seeking to gratify their own evil passions, and thus spread death and pollution around, their desire is to propagate the principles of purity and love, and to be the dispensers of life to the heathen wherever they go.

Shall not our prayers ascend to heaven for an increase of purity

among this class of men? They are the missionaries sent forth from our country, as well as those who go under the auspices of our missionary boards. They work with a will in this field of labor, and must, to a large extent, be the instruments, in the hand of God, of bringing in the glorious era when the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God. Never let us forget the sublime prophecy of Isaiah: "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee."

"Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

*Home Guardian.*

---

### "That's Me."—A true Story.

Her Majesty's ship — arrived in harbor. She had been gone more than a year, and her return from the seat of war had been wistfully looked for. She had left us with a small band of faithful, praying men amongst her crew, and we heard that more had been added.

The band was scattered. Some were invalided; others discharged. Yet a faithful remnant was left. Gladly did we look forward to a meeting. Sunday came, and evening saw half a dozen bright-faced, manly sailors seated once more in the mission-house.

"This is like home," said one. "We always looked forward to this place above all others on this station."

Greetings exchanged, and question after question put and answered, the mission-bell rang for evening service.

At the gate stood three sailor lads. "These have come up along with us," said a marine. On being invited, they came in. The service was short, befitting a tropical climate.—The sermon was on John, 3: 3, "Except a man be born again," etc., solemn and impressive.

Service over, we returned to the mission-house for prayer and praise. The sailors' hearts seemed too full



for utterance, and in prayer they showed the gratitude they felt. The missionary concluded, praying especially that God would vouchsafe peace to one in our midst, groaning under the burden of his sin. This was one of the three lads, whose sobs were plainly audible. A solemn silence, betokening heart-felt union in the petition, marked the close.

After some had left, once more conversation was resumed; news passed on both sides. The missionary seated himself quietly by the lad, and lovingly pointed him to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Sobs and doubttings were all that were apparent; yet God was working, and shall he bring to the birth, and not give strength to bring forth?

The missionary left him, and he got quieter. Just then one who was present went to him and said—

"You seem troudled: tell me what ails you." There was no answer.

"Come out with me. I wish to speak with you outside." They went out, and, withdrawing a little from the house, stood beneath the clear moonlit sky.

"What ails you?"

"It's my sins. I feel myself condemned in God's sight, and I want to feel pardoned."

"God has written you a letter—a book—in which he tells you that 'he so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish.'"

"I can believe Christ died for sinners."

"And are you not a sinner?"

"Oh yes," while groans came from his heart. A short, earnest prayer went up to God in the name of Jesus for present blessing to this soul. Invitations from the word were given, and Jesus, as the one complete offering for the sinner's sin, shown forth. At last the answer to prayer came.

"Can you not come, when he says, 'Whosoever will, let him come'?"

"That's me—that's me." He had accepted the invitation. A solemn quiet came over us. The new-born soul was dealing with its Creator and God.

"I have no doubts now—all is clear."

"Then tell God so, for 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made (to God) unto salvation.'"

In broken words and with full heart did he thank God, and prayed that he might be kept safe unto the end.

We returned to the house. He asked for a drink of water, and as the text was quoted, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," remarked, "No, never thirst."

The verse was repeated:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Behold I freely give

The living water; thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him."

He simply said, "That's me."

We returned to the company, who meanwhile had been engaged in mutual converse, ignorant of the scene without.

"Here is one who has cast himself on Jesus, and has no fear now,"

"Yes," said he, "I have cast myself on him."

The light of joy broke forth on every face. One said, "I would like to hear the song in heaven just now, 'for there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'" With a song of praise we parted. L. W.

*Ceylon, September, 1868.*

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

### A Few Loving Words to Sailors.

BY J. G. H.

In a book I once read, the author likened the heart of man to a pond of standing water with a muddy bottom.

How striking an illustration! Look at such a pool on a clear summer day, when not a breeze ruffles it, and nothing is thrown in to disturb it in any way. How pure it looks. How

"clear it is. So clear that you can see your own image reflected there. Now throw a stone to the bottom and see what the effect will be. The mud is rising all around. Rank weeds come floating to the surface, which before were concealed from your view, and not a drop of water is free from the pollution. How strikingly does this illustrate the heart of man. If we look at it when every thing goes well, when every thing goes as we would have it, how peaceful it is. How seemingly pure. You almost think you see the image of Christ reflected there. But now let some trouble cross your path, which a kind Father has ordained, and if you have not "been born again," see how your apparently pure heart will become soiled. How the rank weeds or evil propensities of your nature will one by one come floating to the top. How do you then appear to an observing eye. But do not despair. All is not lost. Do you remember how once, when a few persons were sailing in a small boat on a sea called Galilee, when a mighty storm arose and all were likely to be lost, one quieted the trouble sea and stilled the roaring winds? Go, weary one to him. Go in sincere, earnest prayer, that he speak peace to your soul. But when you ask Christ for any thing you must ask believing. Do not lack faith. You are in the same position as the man with the withered hand. His hand was perfectly lifeless. He had no power in it. But when Christ commanded him to stretch forth his hand, in the very act of trying he received strength to obey Christ's command and his hand was made whole as the other. Christ commands you to come to him. Why won't you come? It is so much pleasanter to think when affliction comes that

it is sent for some good. If you are a true Christian, when evil befalls you, you can say from your heart, "thy will be done" and believe it is all for your good. You will remember that it says in the Bible, "that he sitteth upon the souls of men as a refiner of silver." If you have ever seen gold or silver refined you will see what a good illustration this is. After the silver is in the crucible the refiner heats it hotter and hotter and removes the dross until he can see his own image reflected there and then he considers it pure. So I often think Christ deals with us. He keeps afflicting us in different ways and removing our dross until he can see reflected in our souls his own image. Now, my dear friend, I want to tell you how Christ once afflicted me. It was before I was a Christian and consequently I could not look upon it as sent in mercy. About seven years ago I lost a dear mother. After she was taken from me, I felt as though I should rather die than live. I did not know how I loved her till she was taken from me. But since I have found Christ I believe this was sent in mercy. It has taught me to put my trust in Christ alone. You have noticed I suppose, when you have been in the country, if they wish to secure the cattle in a certain field or pen, when they can do it no other way, they take their young to the place where they wish the parent, the parent quickly follows and is easily secured. So Christ, I often think, takes to himself the friends upon which our dearest affections are placed and by so doing hopes to lead us to him. For where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. Why will you not accept of such a friend? Why will you not acknowledge him as your Saviour?



Just come to him and see how kind he is. Speaking of those that love him, he says, "I will go and *prepare* a place for you." It seems as though he did not have a place good enough in all his dominions for those that love him, so he told them he would go and prepare one for them.

And now my dear friend I will tell you why I wrote these thoughts. I wrote them because I feel full of the love of Christ, and I feel as though I wanted to tell others how good He is. And now I send them to you, hoping that it may cheer (it may be in the feeblest way) some fellow-traveler to the better land, or per chance lead one there. If such is the case these feeble efforts will not have been in vain. Hoping that God will bless, guide and protect you, I remain your affectionate friend.

J. G. H.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

### Sea and Shore.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

Speak, speak, O treacherous sea!  
Speak for the speechless dead,  
Who dying, left their voices with thee  
To tell us what then they said.

"List, list" saith the mournful sea,  
Back to the questioning shore,  
"The dying words committed to me  
Are secrets for ever more."

"Sighs, groans, and mocking moans,  
Voices that haunt the deep,  
Are only the storm-tossed, shadowy tones  
Of souls that cannot sleep."

Give, give, O covetous sea!  
Give from your coral chests  
The gems, and gold that were wrung by thee  
From maidens, and strong men's breasts.

"Wait, wait!" saith the answering deep,  
Back to the chiding shore;  
"The patiently waiting shall find that I keep  
Safe guard of their precious store."

"Gems, jewels, and shining gold,  
Treasures entrusted to me,  
I'll keep till He who gave me to hold  
Shall ask them back," saith the sea!

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Savannah, Ga.

Chaplain Webb reports for the month of February, "One hundred and six vessels visited; fourteen sermons preached, four temperance addresses delivered, and two thousand and fifty-five pages of tracts, distributed."

The President of the Savannah Port Society J. T. Thomas, Esq., writes us as follows:

"At the annual meeting of our Society, I stated in my report that a boat was needed for the Chaplain to visit vessels that do not come to the wharves, and also stated afterward that we needed a melodion in the Chapel; whereupon two masters of vessels in port made up among themselves chiefly, a sufficient amount to supply both these wants."

#### Toledo, Ohio.

Extract from a private letter.

"We have a Bethel here, a large room well filled up, in which two services are held every Sabbath, by Chaplain S. M. Beatty. At present he is holding meetings every night; some five to ten rise for prayer every night, and there has been a number of conversions."

#### Portland Me.

From Chaplain Southworth's report for the last year (1868), we give the following extract:

PORTLAND, Jan. 9th, 1898.

"The work at the Bethel has been prosperous to an unusual degree during the past year.

The congregation has been constant, and constantly increasing.

No storm, however severe, has prevented a good attendance day or evening.

It may be characterized as a year of prolonged and steady religious interest. Each monthly communion, save one, has witnessed an accession of new members, sixty in all, seven of whom were received by letter and fifty-three by profession.

Though the walk of a few has not been so steadfast as could be desired, yet most have been exemplary in practical christian life.

Our meetings have been numerous, generally five evenings out of seven during the week; besides a weekly ladies prayer meeting which has been well sustained.

The Sabbath evening social meeting is one of great interest, in respect both to the number and the character of the attendants, often 400, a large proportion of whom are presumed to be unconverted, chiefly young men, and those in the prime of life.

A large number of seamen are in these meetings; many have been awakened and not a few hopefully converted during the year, whom doubtless we shall seldom or never see again."

---

**Brooklyn.—Rev. Ola Helland's  
Report.**

*Dear Brother,*

The following communication will give some idea of my work among my countrymen. I commenced the year by preaching on New Year's day at half past ten A. M., in the old Bethel ship, a goodly number present. The first Sabbath of the year was of much interest to us as Norwegians. On that day I had the privilege of introducing a Norwegian

Hymn book in our Church Service in President street. The book was prepared by Missionaries in the West and many of the Hymns are translated from the English. The first one we sung, was one of Dr Watt's, commencing "Come let us join our cheerful songs." &c. I assure you there were tears of joy shed that day.

January 6th. A Norwegian came to my house, to day, for the purpose of getting some information in regard to the West. After some conversation, I said to him, "you lack one thing after all, you need God to direct you, or all will amount to nothing." He then stated that he had been to hear me preach several times and that the first prayer he heard, made him tremble, and he had never got over it. He also said that his mind was in perfect confusion upon the subject of religion, and on that account, he had been near taking his life. I tried to explain to him the way of salvation. Every word seemed to make a deep impression, and he soon began to weep. When on our knees, I said to him, "Will you give your heart to God *now*." He put his hands together and answered, "yes." I then prayed and he prayed, and there I trust he found the Lord. He told me, that exactly one year ago, he was taken to the hospital in the city of—, Norway. "To day," said he, "God has healed my soul in America, and now I can understand why I lost all of this world's goods and came here with my wife leaving my children home."

There has been an unusual large number of Norwegian vessels in this port, the past two months. Many of the sailors and some of the captains have been awakened, and some have professed hope in Christ. I have seen, more than once, over twenty



sailors, (captains and mates among them), kneeling for prayer. A sailor who had been a terror to all on board the vessel, with him, was recently converted. The captain could not credit it at first, but so evidently was the lion turned into a lamb, that the captain believed. I have lately visited several captains on their vessels, and have conversed and prayed with them. At one time after prayer, the captain walked the cabin floor weeping. He said, "I don't understand it; when I lived in sin, I seemed to have no troubles, but now, I can find no rest nor peace."

Last Sabbath was a very interesting day. I preached in President street in the afternoon, and in the evening in the Bethel ship. Many came forward for prayer, and I have reason to hope that several "came to Christ." A mate became very happy and I could not close the meeting until I gave him the opportunity to pray. He fell on his knees and after he had uttered a few words, he said, (his captain and most of the crew were present), "come men and give your hearts to God, and I will be *so* good to you."

That evening will long be remembered: God grant that we may meet them in heaven.

New York, Feb. 27th 1869.

#### New York Seamen's Association.

The object of this Association is the moral, mental and social improvement of Seamen; the elevation of their character and efficiency as a class, and their protection from impositions and abuses at home and abroad.

It seeks to build up such an organization of seamen as will command the respect of the community, enable ship owners to protect themselves

from the imposition of worthless and disorderly characters claiming to be seamen, but disgracing the name, and to secure for their vessels reliable and efficient crews, while at the same time the seaman will be enabled to select good ships and good officers, and thus secure good treatment.

For the purpose of effecting these objects the following means are proposed, viz :

To establish in a respectable locality a commodious Reading Room and Exchange which shall be open to all seamen on the payment of a moderate, annual subscription.

To issue certificates of membership, and of character and capacity.

To assert and maintain perfect liberty in the selection of boarding-houses shipping offices and voyages.

To refuse to pay or to receive "bonus money" for ships, or "blood money" for men, by which custom both ship owners and seamen are sufferers.

To supply vessels with crews without the intervention of any shipping master should it become necessary.

To discourage the system of advance wages as the source of many evils and but few benefits.

To keep a record of the name, age, character and capacity, so far as can be ascertained of every member of the Association; also of the vessels in port, their class, owners or agents, and the voyages on which they are bound.

To establish as soon as practicable, means by which seamen can receive afternoon and evening lessons, in the common English branches and navigation.

To encourage and assist every sailor in his efforts to improve his character and to save his hard-earned money for the benefit of himself and his family, and on all suitable occasions to give him such advice and information as his circumstances may seem to require.

Capt. C. C. Duncan is the President of the new organization and is devoting himself with his usual energy to its interests. Its success is sure.

### A Valued Testimonial.

Among the many expressions of interest and encouragement in our work, which have come to us of late is the following, from a well known, venerable New England pastor. We greatly prize it, as coming from one who knows of what he speaks, and who speaks from the earnest conviction, that the world-wide success of the Gospel waits upon "the conversion of the abundance of the sea," as a means to that promised result:

BRAINTREE, Mass.,  
Jan. 4, 1869.

"The monthly receipt of the Sailors' Magazine and Seamen's Friend is to me very grateful. None of the Monthlies that come to my hands are more promptly read, more highly valued or more refreshing to a spirit bowed down by the weight of years and increase of infirmities.

The object it contemplates is inferior to no other within the compass of "Christian work," and the means employed to secure it, are well chosen, judiciously pursued, and cannot fail to meet God's approbation, more, his special blessing.

Would that it were in my power to aid you by something more substantial than good wishes, or a poor sinner's prayers; but you have every encouragement that Heaven can give, in the promise made to those who sow beside all waters.

With great love to your cause and admiration of the zeal that sustains it,

I remain truly yours,  
R. S. STORRS.

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

Mr. Cassidy reports sixty-one arrivals during the month of February. These have deposited \$1,939, of which

\$250 were placed in the Savings Bank, and \$1,268 sent to relatives and friends. Thirty-two have shipped without advance wages, five have been sent to the hospital, and two to the Snug Harbor.

### Colored Sailors' Home, 2 Dover St.

Mr. Powell reports thirty-seven boarders at this excellent home during the month of February. Three of these, who were sick and destitute, he had the pleasure of relieving.

### The American Bethel Society.

A TENDER OF ITS FIELD AND WORK TO THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—PROPOSITION ACCEPTED.

It will gratify those Pastors and others who have personally interested themselves to effect the change, to learn that the work which has heretofore been in the hands of the American Bethel Society, will hereafter be prosecuted by Chaplains and Missionaries, commissioned by the National Society; the arrangement to begin April 1st.

Most of the brethren who have been laboring in connexion with the Bethel Society, will probably be retained, and others appointed for new positions yet to be occupied. A Secretary for Central and Western New York may be found necessary, and the favor of the churches in his behalf, is thus early solicited.

It is hoped that the new arrangement will give increased efficiency to Christian work among the men employed upon our inland waters, and that as it is undertaken in obedience to what seems to us the indication of Providence, the blessing of God may attend it from the beginning.



## Position of the Planets for April.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month, rising at the beginning about 30 minutes before the Sun, this interval decreasing till the last day when it rises with the Sun. It is near the Moon on the 10th, in conjunction with Jupiter on the evening of the 24th, and near Venus on the 26th.

VENUS rises at the beginning of the month about 5h. 30 m. A. M. or a little before the Sun, and at the end rises with that luminary. It sets about 5 h. P. M. throughout the month. On the 11th it is close to the Moon, and in conjunction with Jupiter on the 24th.

MARS rises after noon, till the 18th of this month, it then rises at noon; from the 19th it rises before noon throughout the month, setting at the beginning about 1 h. before the Sun, this interval increasing to 2 h. at the end of the month. It is a little North of the Moon on the 21st.

JUPITER is an evening star till the 10th, rising about 6 h. 30 m. A. M. at the beginning and an hour earlier at the end of the month: setting respectively at 7 h. and 5 h. 50 m. P. M. It is close to the Moon on the morning of the 12th and in conjunction with the Sun on the 17th.

SATURN rises about 11 h. 30 m. A. M. at the beginning of the month and two hours earlier at the end, setting respectively at 9 h. and 7 h. 30 m. A. M. On the 1st it is a few degrees south of the Moon. B. B.

N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

## Total Disasters Reported in February.

The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 17, of which 10 were wrecked, 2 burnt, 1 abandoned, 2 foundered, and 3 are missing. They are classed as follows: 1 ship, 6 barks, 3 brigs, and 7 schooners, and their total estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, is \$576,000. Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *b* burnt, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, and *m* missing:

## SHIPS.

Persian, *w*, from Savannah for Liverpool.

## BARKS.

Costano, *m*, from New York for Glasgow.  
Ann, *w*, from New York for Antwerp.  
Sinece, *w*, from Liverpool for Boston.  
Neptune, *w*, from New York for Liverpool.

Undine, *w*, from Cienfuegos for Boston.  
Laertes, *m*, from New York for Cork.

## BRIGS.

G. T. Ward, *w*, from Frederickshaven for Shields.  
Brilliant, *a*, from Wilmington N. C. for London.  
Goldfish, *f*, from New York for Cardenas.

## SCHOONERS.

Augusta M. Gott, *a*, from Bangor for Martinique.  
Twilight, *f*, (Fisherman).  
Samuel Eddy, *w*, from Georgetown S. C. for New York.  
Charles, *m*, (Fisherman).  
Blue Bell, *w*, (At Cape Verd Islands).  
Circassian, *w*, from Belfast for Boston.  
Nellie True, *w*, from Guadaloupe for Cardenas

## Receipts for February, 1869.

## MAINE.

Auburn, Cong. ch, for library..... \$14 75  
Machias, A Factory Girl, for library.. 15 00  
South Berwick, A Friend, for library.. 15 00  
York, 1st. Cong. ch,..... 9 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Clara E. Palmer's S. S. Class, for library..... 10 00  
Nashua, Mrs. Charles Shattuck ..... 1 00

## VERMONT.

South Hero, Wm. P. Hall,..... 1 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington Center,..... 32 50  
Beverly, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, const. Mrs. Abby. M. Creesey, L. M.,..... 30 00  
Boston, Samuel S. Lord,..... 1 00  
Byfield, Cong. ch,..... 9 02  
Canton, Cong. ch,..... 27 81  
Chatham, Cong. ch,..... 5 00  
Chelsea, G. F. Boies, for library..... 15 00  
East Randolph, Winthrop ch, for lib'y. 30 00  
Great Barrington, 1st. Cong. ch, of which const. Mrs. Caleb Rood, L. M., \$30,..... 40 00  
Hadley, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, for libraries,..... 23 00  
Lowell, E. B. Adams, for library,..... 15 00  
Medway, of which Capt. Cole, \$10,..... 57 15  
Millbury, Mrs. S. A. Small, for lib'y... 15 00  
Newburyport, North ch,..... 18 86  
Northampton, Florence Cong. ch,..... 75 00  
Princeton, Asa H. Goddard, for lib'y.. 15 00  
Roxbury, Vine street S. S. No. 9, for library,..... 15 00  
Salem, 3d. ch, S. S. for libraries,..... 30 00  
Sharon, of which \$15 for library..... 38 00  
South Dedham, of which \$15 for lib'y.. 40 56  
South Egremont, 1st. Cong. ch,..... 5 00  
South Wellfleet, for library..... 15 00  
Spencer,..... 23 67  
Stockbridge, A Friend,..... 1 00  
Sunderland, Cong. ch,..... 49 25  
Walpole,..... 24 58  
Worcester, Salem street ch,..... 25 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, of which \$45 for libraries,..... 60 25  
Little Compton,..... 16 00  
Pawtucket, 1st. Baptist ch, for lib'ys.. 30 00

## CONNECTICUT.

East Haddam, Cong. ch,..... 11 00  
Greenwich, 1st. Cong. ch, in part..... 11 00  
2nd Cong. ch, in part..... 85 00  
Litchfield, 1st. Cong. ch, for libraries.. 47 70  
Middletown, 1st. Cong. ch, of which const. Eben Stebbins, L. M. \$30... 98 65  
South Cong. ch, const. Rev. J. P. Taylor, L. M.,..... 30 00  
Morris, Cong. ch, for library,..... 15 00

North Canaan, Cong. ch.	13 05
Rockville, 1st. Cong. ch. of which const	
Mrs. Mary S. Stickney, and Christo-	
pher L. Frink, L. Ms., each \$30, Dea-	
con S. W. Johnson, \$15 for lib'y	81 00
S. S. for lib'y	45 00
2d Cong. ch. const. Miss Ellen S. Wis-	
ner, L. M. \$30	31 76
S.S. Infant class for lib'y	15 00
Stamford, 1st. Pres. ch. of which John	
P. Hamilton, to const. Mrs. Emily	
Weed, L. M., \$30	166 71
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, U. S. A.	2 00
West Woodstock, Rev. C. H. Kingsbury	1 00
Windsorville, A Friend, for lib'y	15 00
Woodbury, Judah Baldwin,	10 00

## NEW YORK.

Astoria, Pres. ch.	13 36
Auburn, Mrs. E. W. Ross, for lib'y	15 00
Binghamton, Mrs. Cath. B. McKinney,	
for library	15 00
Brooklyn, John Millard,	20 00
Clinton Ave. Cong. ch. of which Hat-	
tie L. Bardwell, \$15 for lib'y	354 25
Mrs. James Sheldon, for lib'y	15 00
Ross street Pres. ch. add'l	10 00
Henderson, Charles Eggleston,	1 00
Lansingburgh, E. G. Ward, for library	
for Jennie S. Ward	15 00
New York City, Wm. Mathews,	250 00
E. D. Stanton,	100 00
Phelps, Dodge & Co.	100 00
A. A. Low & Bros.	100 00
Thomas H. Faile	50 00
Wm. Oothout.	25 00
Thos. Denny	25 00
Edward Minturn	25 00
Ball, Black & Co.	25 00
Anson Phelps Stokes	25 00
Edmund Penfold	25 00
Jno. R. Hurd	25 00
Le Grand Lockwood, Jr.	20 00
James Stokes	20 00
James W. Beekman	20 00
Mrs. Julia F. Noyes, for lib'y	15 00
Madison Ave. Pres. ch, S. S. Mr. C.S.	
Hurd's class for library	15 00
J. W. Barrows, for library	15 00
W. P.	10 00
C. F. Hunter	10 00
James L. Banks, M. D.	10 00
Nathaniel Fisher & Co.	10 00
Henry M. Benedict	10 00
F. H. Abbot	10 00
Broadway Tabernacle S. S. add'l lib'y	11 50
Somebody's Son, to purchase a lib'y	
for Somebody's Son	10 00
Mrs. Capt. Thomas, ship <i>City of N. Y.</i>	10 00
H. F. Lombard	5 00
James Baker	5 00
H. W. Loud & Co.	5 00
H. C. Van Vorst	5 00
Cephas Brainerd	5 00
Mary A. Strong	5 00
Alfred C. Post, M. D.	5 00
Jno. Saxton	5 00
J. C. Carter	5 00
Capt. Burgess, ship <i>Graham's Polly</i>	5 00
" Stanwood, bark <i>Quindard</i>	5 00
" Hiram Daggett, brig <i>Hattie B.</i>	5 00
" Wm. Hays, schr. <i>Whitney Long</i>	5 00
David Wallace, mate br. <i>Two Bros.</i>	5 00
Thos. Ageson, mate bk. <i>Brunswick</i>	4 00
Capt. P. K. Frohock	3 00
Miller & Grant	3 00
Wm. Dollar, Mate <i>Northern Queen</i>	1 00
Capt. Brown, brig <i>Milwaukee</i>	1 00
H. R. K.	1 00
Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch, S. S. lib'y	19 10
Sag Harbor, Hetty Parker	1 00
Tarrytown, 2d Ref. ch, J. B. Sardy	10 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Hartington, Jas. G. Cortelyou	22
Lafayette, Ref. ch, S. S. Mission'y Soc'y	15
for library	15
Jacob Van Horn, for library	15
Justin Salter	1
Newark, Rev. R. Campfield	15
1st Pres. ch, Mary Bond, for lib'y	15
1st Bapt. ch, of which T. B. Peddie &	300
J. H. Dewitt, each \$15 for lib'y	
New Market, 7th Day Bapt. ch. of wh.	19
J. H. Titsworth, \$15 for lib'y	
Plainfield, 1st Pres. ch. of which const.	
Mrs. Henry L. Teller, L. M. \$30, H.	
B. Morehouse, J. W. Yates, & Mrs	
Susan G. Yates, each \$15 for lib'y	100
Ref. ch.	24
2d Pres. ch, S. S. for library	18

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, 1st Pres. ch. const. Rev. Wm.	
A. Kerr & John Stewart, L. Ms.	142
2d Luth. ch. of which C. B. Fuller-	26
man, \$15 for library	
Germ Ref. ch. of which const. Rev.	
John Beck, D. D., L. M. \$30, T. T.	78
Miller, \$15 for library	
1st Luth. ch. of which Jno. Abbe, \$15	32
for library	
Individuals, Dr. T. Green, const. self	
L. M. \$30, Prof. J. H. Collin, \$5, A	36
friend \$1	
Philadelphia, Miss A. Reed	1

## DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. S. M. Dupont lib'y's	30
---------------------------------------	----

## OHIO.

Cleveland, 1st Pres. ch, S. S. for library	30
Stanley, S. C. B.	11

## ILLINOIS.

Lake Forest, Pres. ch, S. S. for lib'y	30
D. R. Holt,	20

## IOWA.

Des Moines, Plymouth Cong. ch, S. S.	15
for library	15
Tipton, Geo. S. Biscoe	1

## WISCONSIN.

Janesville, J. D. Butz	11
------------------------	----

## CANADA WEST.

Hamilton, Central Pres. ch,	67
-----------------------------	----

## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Lahaina, S. E. Bishop	20
-----------------------	----

\$3,846

## PENNSYLVANIA AGENCY.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

East Whiteland, library	152
Reeseville, "	152
Frankford, "	152
Philadelphia, Olivet Pres. ch, for lib'y	304
A Lady	52
South Western Pres. ch.	252
1st Independent Pres. ch, \$108 48. Mis-	
sionary Association \$52	1804
Kensington, 1st Pres. ch,	20

## DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Pres. ch,	23
1st Pres. ch,	6

\$315

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Candia, Mrs. Lydia Lane, for Colored	
Sailor's Home	5





April.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1869.

### A Word to Boys.

Come, boys, and listen a few moments. You have now arrived at an age when you must begin to think about doing some thing for yourselves. The first piece of advice I have for you is, to do everything well which you undertake. There is but little danger of your being too particular in this respect. A boy who is careful to draw a straight line on his slate, will be very likely to make a straight line through life. There is no position in life in which you will not be called upon to act as exact as possible. Step into the jeweller's shop, and see how careful the workman must be in finishing up the article he holds in his hands. Visit the shipyard, and the man with the road-axe must learn to hew on a line, or be dismissed. You think of being a clerk. Well, remember that a mistake there, is a little less than a crime. I never saw a man who was very particular about his affairs that was not successful. How exact is a military officer in the command of a body of men. A clumsy sailor will never rise to the command of a ship. But there is one great danger which besets many young men at the present day. It is the disposition to

avoid all solid improvement, and take up with subjects that require no thought, and which serve as mere passtime, and are altogether useless.

"Let my example warn you of the fatal error into which you have fallen," said the gay Sir Francis Delaval, near the end of his life. "Pursue what is useful! pursue what is useful!" Reader, if you would not want to make your life a curse, present and eternal, "pursue what is useful."

### The Young Quaker's Wish.

All our readers have, at one time or another, expressed a wish for something. Now we want to tell you of the wish of a little Quaker boy. He was once in a congregation of Friends, who had assembled for the purpose of worshipping God. They do not preach, as most ministers do, at a set time, but they sit still until they think they are moved by the Holy Spirit, and then any one in the congregation, whether male or female, may stand up and say what he or she desires. The congregation had been sitting in silence for a long time, when a little boy, between five and six years of age,

stood upon the seat, and folding his arms together, with a childish lisp gave utterance to the following:

"My friends, I wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and *gooder*, till there is no bad left?"

He then took his seat.

---

### Delay Not.

Whatever work we have to do  
Should never be delayed;  
Because the same excuses, too,  
To-morrow will be made.

Delay is dangerous, and it turns  
To trouble in the end;  
But chiefly in our soul's concerns  
It must to ruin tend.

---

### Library Reports.

During the month of February, forty-five libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, (80 Wall-street,) twenty new, and twenty-five refitted.

The following reports have been received, viz :

No. 646.—Returned in good order; gone to Gibraltar on brig *Ottawa*.

No. 814.—Has been a number of voyages to different ports; books read with interest. Gone to Cuba on schooner *Pynola*.

No. 900.—Returned, after several voyages; books read and highly appreciated. Gone to Aspinwall on schooner *T. D. Wilder*.

No. 1,119.—Has been a number of voyages; now gone to Matanzas on brig *A. A. Lane*.

No. 1,167.—Has been several voyages. Gone to Para on brig *Kate Foster*.

No. 1,687.—Returned after several voyages to West Indies. Gone to Savannah on schooner *M. B. Bramhall*.

No. 1,695.—Been two voyages to the Pacific; books read and useful to the crews. Gone to Havanna on bark *H. P. Lord*.

No. 1,726.—Returned in good order. Gone to Antwerp on bark *Northern Queen*.

No. 1,881.—Been a number of voyages to various ports; books read with profit. Gone to Demerara on brig *Milwaukie*.

No. 1,958.—Been a voyage to Africa and Europe; books were the means of great good to all. Gone to Guadaloupe on brig *J. E. Haskell*.

No. 2,071.—Gone to Beaufort on schooner *S. H. Thompson*.

No. 2,101.—Returned in good order, after two years. Gone to West Indies on bark *M. A. Throop*.

No. 1,955.—Been several voyages to Europe. Gone again on bark *Argus*.

No. 1,741.—Returned in good order. Gone to Para on schooner *Thompson*.

No. 1,963.—Been several voyages. Gone to Bermuda, on brig *The Brothers*.

No. 2,298.—Been three voyages to South America; books read by the families of two different Captains and by the officers and different crews; were beneficial to all. Gone to Demerara on schooner *Hortentia*.

No. 2,386.—Returned in good order; now gone to Europe on brig *M. E. Thayer*.

No. 2,439.—Been several voyages to different ports; books all read. Gone to Cuba on schooner *A. Burto*.

No. 2,444.—Returned from a voyage to the Pacific; books read by officers and crews. Gone to Callao on bark *Rangoon*.

No. 2,485.—Been to various ports on the African coast; books all read. Gone to San Juan on brig *Memphis*.

No. 2,497.—Returned after several voyages to West Indies. Gone to Wilmington on schooner *F. I. Lockwood*.

No. 2,311.—Been a voyage to San Francisco, Chinchas, and Antwerp. The captain's wife who accompanied him took charge of the library and had them distributed every week. They were received with



readiness and had a good influence on all. Gone to Batavia (E. I.) on bark *Euphrosyne*.

No. 2,857.—

NEW ORLEANS, March 2d, 1869.

"To the Seamen's Friend Society.

With much esteem I would notify you of the transfer of Library No. 2,857 to the bark *Panola* of New York, Capt. Luther. I take much pleasure too, in expressing to all the friends of your Institution my best thanks for the interest taken in the welfare of sailors, and bid you God speed "in your work of love," believing that when your work is done on earth, you will find recompense in heaven."

Your friend and brother,

A. EMERY,

of bark *Eva H. Fish*.

No. 2,234.—

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23d, 1869.

"With pleasure, I return thanks on behalf of the crew of the *Brunswick*, to the doner of the library loaned us. I am in hopes it has done much good. Please accept the enclosed contribution from the crew in aid of the Society. Though small I feel sure it is given with a willing heart.

TH. AAGERSON, *Mate*."

No. 2,094.—Returned from a whaling voyage. The books have been read with interest and prayer meetings kept up. Nearly or quite all the crew have become Christians.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24th, 1869.

No. 1,741.—Rev. Sir: I would report that the library on board the brig *Two Brothers* was damaged by water when the vessel was swept in the 17th Dec. last. The Captain was at that time washed overboard and lost. The library was read with much interest by captain and crew since leaving New York last July.

The Captain was particularly fond of reading Nelson on Infidelity and comparing it with the Bible.

Please find enclosed five dollars towards paying for the damaged books. Could I spare more at this time, I would give it cheerfully.

Respectfully Yours,

DAVID WALLACE.

No. 2,693.—"Has been very useful." Refitted and gone to Philadelphia.

No. 1,816.—Books all read. Gone to sea on schooner *Nil Desperandum*.

No. 219.—Books read by all. Refitted and gone to New York.

No. 2,695.—Returned from second voyage. Refitted and sent to coast of Africa. "Has done much good."

No. 1,954.—Returned in good condition. All books read. Gone to London.

No. 1,392.—Lost on schooner *Geo. Brown* at Barbadoes.

No. 2,732.—Returned refitted and gone to Charleston.

No. 1,385.—"Books read by officers and men." Gone to Galveston.

No. 511.—"The best institution ever organized for sailors. It is highly appreciated by them as they are very eager to read the books and carefully return them. I have no doubt it is the means of doing very much good." J. R.

Gone to West Indies.

No. 2,666.—Has been left in the care of the Missionaries at Isle de Los on west coast of Africa.

### A Little Boy with a Large Heart.

MORRIS, Litchfield Co., Conn.

March 8th, 1869.

*My Dear Friends on the Sea,*

Your kind friend Rev. Mr. Beebe came here a few weeks since, and told us about you, and asked us to get some money to send you books that would tell you about Jesus. The next day a little boy, named Edward Bristol and myself, collected money enough to buy one third of a library. We hope you will enjoy reading the books, and that they will do you good. I am a little boy only eight years old, but I hope I love Jesus; and since I have heard about you, and what you do for us, in crossing the great ocean, I think a great deal about you. And when it storms, and the wind blows, I try to

pray to God to keep you safely, and to give you new hearts, so that you can love and serve Jesus, and tell people wherever you go, how he died on the cross to save sinners.

I am a little boy, but I wish some of you would write to me, and tell me how you like the books.

Your affectionate Friend,

E. TOMPKINS MC LAUGHLIN.

P. S.—My Grandfather Mc Laughlin preached a long time to seamen, and my father thinks that he helped make one of the first hymn books for them.

### Simplicity.

A lady in one of the papers relates a sweet instance of a child's delicate thoughtfulness. She says, I asked a little boy last evening, "Have you called your grandma to tea?" "Yes," he replied, "when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't want to halloo at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall and said, pretty loud, Grandma, tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her."

### Swallowing Fifteen Cows.

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said: "I met a man only the other day, who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened. When I first knew him he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another until at last, by the drink, to procure which he sold the cows, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an almshouse!"

### The Name of Jesus.

A sweet, short sermon late I heard  
To little children preached.  
The little children listened well,  
And older hearts it reached;  
For there were helping words for all  
With sin and care perplexed.  
"The name of Jesus" was the theme;  
And that was all the text.

SERMON.

Above all names, the precious name  
Of *Jesus* is the best;  
Because it is so simple, short,  
And easily expressed.  
The babe can lip this gentle name;  
The child can tell its story;  
The sick can whisper it through pain;  
The old still speak its glory.  
The name is small, and yet so great,  
So much can comprehend,  
That when the angels speak the name,  
Then every knee must bend;  
So small, that little children's hearts  
Can give it dwelling-place;  
So vast, the heaven of heavens itself  
Can scarce afford it space.  
Then, too, this name has wondrous power  
To comfort, soothe, and cheer;  
To brighten every gloomy hour,  
And scatter every fear.  
No other name can save the soul,  
And lead to heavenly rest.  
Now, children, sing this lovely name,  
The dearest and the best.

SONG.

"There is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,—  
The name before his wondrous birth  
To Christ the Saviour given.  
We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard  
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus."

S. O. C.

Christian Banner.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D.D., } *Cor Sec's.*  
S. H. HALL, D.D., }  
MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
AND } S. Home, Phil'a, Rev. D. H. EMERS'N.  
ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANKS.

### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.



## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

## SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	J. H. Cassidy.
" 2 Dover street, (colored).....	" " " " " " " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " " " " " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " " " " " "	Capt. Dan'l Tracy.
CHARLESTON S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society...	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " " "	James F. Stewart.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " " " " "	Mr. & Mrs. Miller.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 344 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do..... Peter Oberg.
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do..... G. F. Thompson.
" 45 Oliver street.....	do..... Christ Bowman.
" 39 do.....	do..... William White.
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House".....	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. F. S..... David Hsiey.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society... G. W. Williams.

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	UNDER WHAT DIRECTION.	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission " " " " " "	" Cyrus Hamlin.
" 27 Greenwich street.....	" " " " " "	" B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	" R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" " " " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " " " "	" Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.....	Methodist.....	" O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	" " "
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	" E. O. Bates.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist.....	" O. Helland.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society..... }	" John Miles.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis s's.....	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" B. T. Taylor.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. W. F. Barnes.
" cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society..	" " "
PORTLAND, Ms. Fore st. near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Society..	" J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street. .	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" F. H. M. Dow.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society....	" F. Southworth.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Presbyterian.....	" C. M. Winchester.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Methodist.....	" J. D. Butler.
" Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. F. Lee.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	" W. Mullen.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.	" W. B. Erben.
" cor. Light and Lee sts.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Joseph Perry.
NORFOLK.....	.....	" Henry Slicer.
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street.....	.....	" R. K. Murphy.
SAVANNAH.....	.....	" E. N. Crane.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	Mobile Sea. Friend Society,..	" Wm. B. Yates.
NEW ORLEANS.....	Episcopal.....	" L. H. Pease.



# American Seamen's Friend Society.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated April, 1833.

WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., *President.*

## TRUSTEES.

Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, D.D.	Rev. I. FERRIS, D. D.,	Capt. N. BRIGGS,
HENRY P. MARSHALL, Esq.,	Rev. H. LOOMIS, D. D.,	Rev. LEVI S. WEED,
Capt. FRANCIS M. FRENCH,	WM. A. BOOTH, Esq.,	Rev. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.
E. W. CHESTER, Esq.,	JAMES DEMAREST, Esq.,	Capt. AMBROSE SNOW,
Capt. D. GILLESPIE,	Rev. J. T. DURYEA, D. D.,	Geo. D. SUTTON, Esq.,
WM. MATHEWS, Esq.,	RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq.,	JAMES W. ELWELL, Esq.,
J. D. MCKENZIE, Esq.,	CALEB B. KNEVALS, Esq.,	Rev. N. E. SMITH, D. D.,
Capt. C. C. DUNCAN,	Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D.,	L. P. HUBBARD, Esq.

  

HARMON LOOMIS, D.D.,	} <i>Cor. Sec's.</i>	} 80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.
SAM'L H. HALL, D.D.,		
S. H. HALL, <i>Treasurer.</i>		
L. P. HUBBARD, <i>Financial Agent.</i>		

Rev. S. W. HANKS, 13 Cornhill, Boston, } *Secretaries for New England.*  
 " H. BEEBE, New Haven, Ct., }  
 " D. H. EMERSON, Philadelphia *Secretary for Pennsylvania, &c.*  
 " P. BOUGHTON, *Collecting Agent.*

## CHAPLAINS AND MISSIONARIES.

### *In the United States*

NEW YORK & BROOKLYN,  
 Rev. E. O. Bates,  
 " Ola Helland,  
 J. H. Gardiner,  
 C. E. Borello.  
 BOSTON, MASS., Capt. Andrew Bartlett.  
 GLOUCESTER, MASS., Rev. H. L. Calder.  
 RICHMOND, VA., Rev. F. J. Boggs.  
 NORFOLK, VA., Rev. E. N. Crane.  
 WILMINGTON, N. C., Rev. J. N. Andrews.  
 CHARLESTON, S. C., Rev. W. B. Yates.  
 SAVANNAH, GA. Rev. Richard Webb.  
 MOBILE, ALA. Rev. L. H. Pease.  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA. " " "  
 GALVESTON, TEXAS, ———  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Rev. J. Rowell.

### *In Foreign Ports.*

LABRADOR COAST, Rev. S. R. Butler.  
 ST. JOHNS, N. B. Rev. Jas. Spencer.  
 NORWAY—Christiansand, J. H. Hansen.  
 " Kragero, H. Stiensen.  
 " Porsgrund, H. L. Schultz.  
 SWEDEN—Gottenberg, Rev. F. O. Nilsson.

SWEDEN—Gottenburg, Lars Kahlson.  
 " " J. A. Anderson.  
 " Warberg C. Carlson.  
 " Wenersborg, E. Eriksson.  
 " Stockholm, A. M. Ljunborg.  
 " Gothland, J. Lingelius.  
 DENMARK—Copenhagen, Rev. Peter E. Ryding.  
 " Odense, Rev. F. L. Rymker.  
 BELGIUM—Antwerp, Rev. J. H. Pettingell.  
 " Capt. John Mowatt.  
 FRANCE—Havre, Rev. H. Rogers.  
 " Marseilles, Rev. J. R. Hawkins.  
 CHINA—Shanghai, Rev. E. W. Syle.  
 BRAZIL—Rio de Janeiro, ———  
 CHILI—Valparaiso Rev. D. Trumbull, D.D.  
 " " Francis Muller.  
 " Talcahuano, Rev. J. A. Swaney.  
 PERU—Callao, ———  
 " Chincha Islands, ———  
 BUENOS AYRES, Matthias Matthewson.  
 HONOLULU, S. I., S. C. Damon, D. D.  
 HILO, Rev. Frank Thompson  
 YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Rev. S. R. Brown.

### **Boston Sea. Friend Society.**

Alpheus Hardy, Esq., *Pres.*  
 Rev. J. H. M. Dow, *Chaplain.*

### **Penn. Sea. Friend Society.**

Arthur G. Coffin, Esq., *Pres.*  
 Rev. S. Bonhomme, *Assistant Sec'y, Phila.*

### **Providence Sea. Friend Society.**

Rev. C. M. Winchester, *Chaplain.*

### **Maine Sea. Friend Society.**

Rev. F. Southworth, *Chaplain.*

Donations may be sent to the Office, 80 Wall Street, New York.